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WINNER TAKES ALL
They were friends and lovers and their games were all about sex.

CAMPUS CLIP-SHOP
The shop was more a cruising ground than a business.

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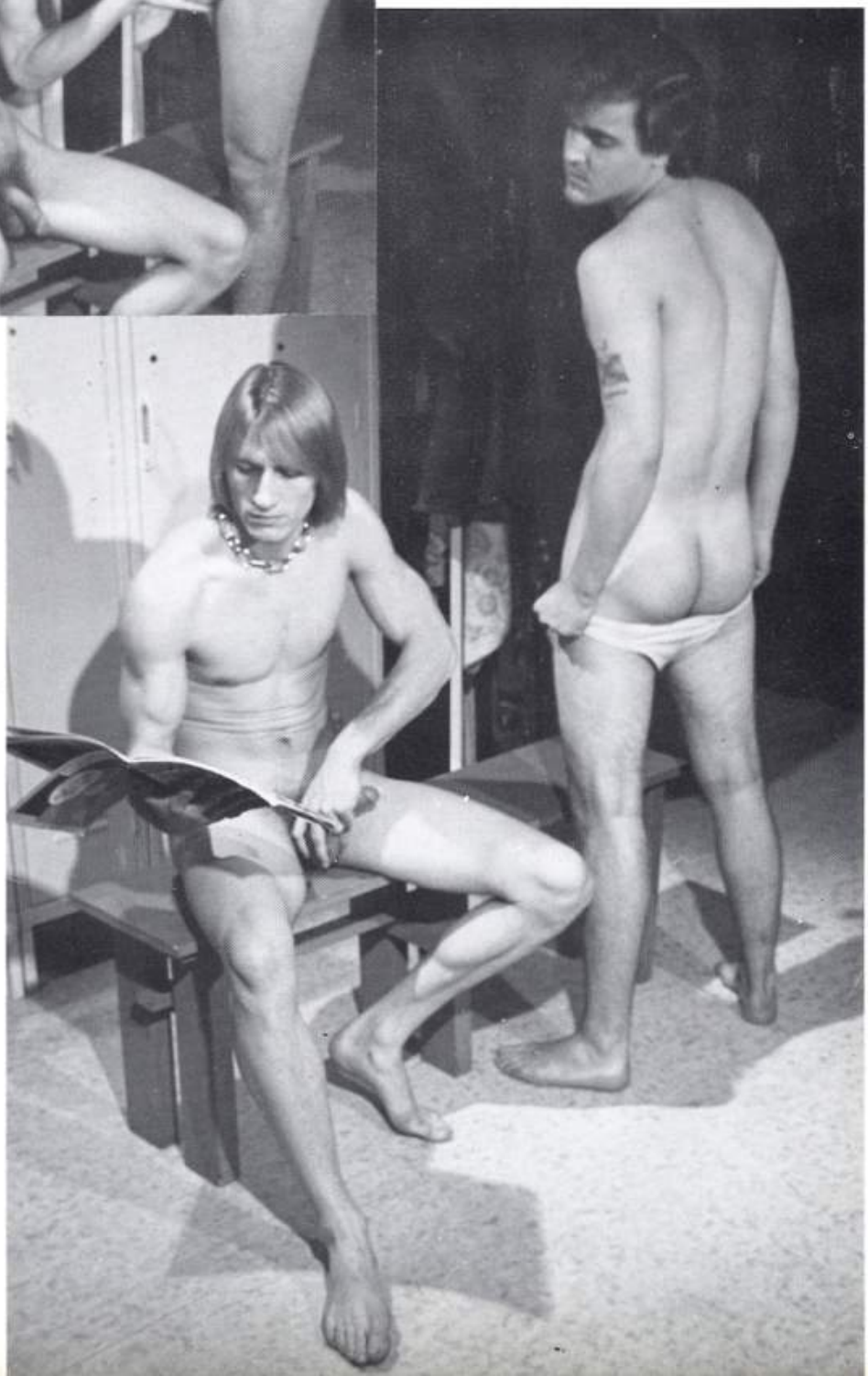
WINNER TAKES ALL

Although it's pretty difficult to face up to some things, something happened during my first year of college that really made me face myself for the first time. I'd always suspected it, I guess. But until the day it was thrust in my face, I'd managed to avoid admitting it to myself. It's a pretty hard thing do do, after all. I'd been dating chicks for years, and my future plans were more or less the same as everyone else's. I'd finish school, get married, settle down, build my fortune, and raise a house full of kids.



After meeting Ted,though, all that changed. It wasn't any easy transition, by any means. But for once in my life, I felt honest, and even a little excited. I suppose I'd been wanting it to happen for a long time. But I don't want to get ahead of myself. I'm not trying to rationalize it, but it's best if I start at the beginning and try to make it clear just what actually happened.

In high school, I'd always participated in some sort of sports activities. But in college, I wasn't really good enough for that level of competition. I'd managed to really build myself up, though, and hated to loose all the work I'd put into my body. In order to prevent that, I took advantage of the physical education department's program offering use of the gyms and equipment to any student after class hours.

The gym was a pretty popular hang-out for a lot of people. We'd go there and spend an evening playing basketball or handball, maybe even wrestle and get into some gymnastics. There was an indoor pool that stayed open until ten o'clock at night, which was probably the most used facility on campus.

That's where I first met Ted. We're both pretty good swimmers, and use that particular exercise to keep those long trim muscles in shape. I'd noticed him there several times before we actually ever spoke to each other. But right from the start, there was this sense of competition between us, a sort of unspoken rivalry to see who could do the fanciest dives off the highest boards, who could swim the most laps, and stuff like that. We even engaged in a few sprints, although we

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were on opposite sides of the pool and didn't openly acknowledge our match.

The whole object, of course, was getting admiration from the chicks. But we kept an eye on each other every time we were there together.

It was getting late one night, with only a few people left in the pool. I'd gone there alone for a few hours of good exercise, and Ted showed up about half an hour after I got there. As people began to leave one by one, leaving the pool all to us, our competition became obvious. We established an eye contact that allowed us to compete with each other as though we had actually called a match. I'd go to the highest board, do a backdive with an occasional one-

and-a-half twist, then look over at my opponent. He'd signal back his approval, then climb up and try to outdo me. It kept going on and on until they finally closed the pool on us.

We went in to the showers together that night, and more or less formally introduced ourselves. I was impressed with him, to say the least. Easy to get along with, easy to talk to, and pretty damn good looking. He had a nice tight little body that reflected years of hard work and control.

"You got some pretty fancy dives," he said.

"You don't do so bad yourself," I replied.

"We could make a pretty good team together."

I liked him immediately, and liked the way he linked us together so quickly. He seemed like pretty good material for a friend, and that's something I've always valued. His interest in me seemed pretty mutual. He questioned me at length about my major, where I lived, who I hung out with, what I did for kicks.

I couldn't help but notice his eyes in the shower, the way they kept traveling up and down my body. I'm certainly not shy or anything, but it didn't seem natural the way he kept staring. Maybe he was just checking me out, like any opponent does another, I thought. I guess it must have rubbed off on me or something, because I caught myself looking him over in the same way.

His eyes seemed to linger and focus on my crotch, a situation that left me less than comfortable. I've been showering with groups of guys since I can remember, but that was the first time I really felt *naked*! I felt like I should reach down and cover myself or something.

When we went back to our lockers to dry off, I felt his eyes staring at me, at my ass, as I walked in front of him. I casually draped my towel around my waist, and wondered if I wasn't over reacting a bit. I even convinced myself that nothing was going on except in my own mind—that if anything shady was happening, I was the one creating it!

It didn't take long to find out different. Ted started right in on me from the moment we got back into the locker room. What I'd thought about him in the shower had been true after all. The first thing he did was take out his notebook and pull a magazine out of it.

"Ever seen one of these?" he asked.

I took the magazine from him and took a fast double take. There, right on the cover, was the most obscene photograph I've ever seen—a gorgeous chick giving a split shot to the world. I couldn't believe my eyes! Her thighs were spread as far apart as she could get them, and you could see right up her hole!

"Wow! Where'd you ever get this?" I said. "Look at that pussy!"

"Wait'll you see what's inside," he replied.

I flipped through a few pages of the hardest hard-core shit you can imagine! Chicks shoving cucumbers up their cunts, sucking off guys, taking dick up their ass and cunt, letting cum ooze out of their mouths, you name it! Page after page of it!

Before I knew what was happening, my ole cock rose up and started panting! Whose wouldn't! I felt like an ass, sitting there with a full-fledged hard-on in front of a stranger like that. But there was nothing I could do about it!

"Looks like you could use a little piece of that right now," Ted said, pointing to a cunt spread-shot and nodding at my stiff peter.

"Yeah . . . I guess I could," I said, trying not to seem embarrassed or shy. I tried to cover it with the magazine, but it was useless.

"I could help you out," he said.

Honest to God, I thought he meant he knew some chick I could lay or something like that. "Could you?" I asked.

"Sure . . . it'd be my pleasure," he replied. With that, he sat down beside me and reached right over and took hold of my joint! Imagine that! It didn't hit me at first what he was up to. I guess I wanted to believe he was just playing around. But fleeting seconds rushed by and he didn't move his hand. I was just about to ask him to lay off, but right at that moment, he started pumping his fist up and down on my dick with the expertise of a genuine cocksucker.

I suppose I was a captive audience after that. No matter what my mind and conscience screamed out at me, I couldn't resist the exquisite pleasure his gripping fist was producing. I'm not so sure I would've pulled away even if I could, now that I think about it.

"You sure got a nice big chunk of meat," he said. "I've been wanting to get in your pants ever since I first saw you!"

His lines were almost the exact same things I said to chicks after a long, drawn-out conquest finally culminated. His eyes seemed to sparkle, and he kept licking his lips, like he was really hungry for my dick or something.

"Man, look at the length of that thing," he said. "I knew you'd have big meat! Here, get a feel of this."

He took my hand in his and drew it over to his huge throbbing cock that jutted up from his hairy crotch like a telephone pole. He didn't remove his hand from mine until he'd wrapped my fingers around the hot turgid shaft and started the slow, steady jack-off rhythm up and down the length of his meat.

"Yeah, that's it," he said. "Good, buddy . . . real good. Let's just sit here and jack each other off."

That's just what we did. I don't know how long we went on like that, beating each other's meat. I was petrified someone would walk in and catch us. But we were the last ones hanging around that night, and no one disturbed us at all.

"Mind if I put my mouth on it," he asked.

At that point, I didn't care what he did! We'd gone that far, and I saw no use in turning back now. I was much too horny to end it there, and the idea of a nice hot mouth clamped around my joint didn't sound at all unappealing.

"You like doing that?" I asked.

"Yeah, man . . . I really groove on sucking guys off," he replied. "Especially when they're hung like you!"

"Go to it, then," I said. "Show me your stuff."

I leaned back against the locker as he swept down to my crotch and latched on to my meat. I couldn't believe the exquisite pleasure of his tongue and lips on my throbbing cockhead! He sucked the whole thing into his throat, and gobbled on it like some damned hungry animal. But I didn't mind! Not one bit. He was taking care of me, but good! He sucked my balls and even licked around my asshole before he got through.

"Give me a little suckin' " he said suddenly. He jumped up beside me and shoved his cock in my face. Before I knew what was happening, he stuffed it in my mouth and started fucking my face like a goddamn cunt! At first I gagged and choked and tried to push him away. But as I struggled against him, I realized it wasn't even half as bad as I thought! In fact, I even sorta dug it! I couldn't imagine myself with a dick in my face, but there I was, sucking that thing for dear life.

"Listen," he said, "don't make me pop here. Come on over to my dorm room and we can really get some action going!"

I couldn't imagine any more action than what was already going on, but I consented to his proposal and went quickly to his room with him. It's funny, but we didn't speak one word to each other on the way—as if not to break the sensuous trance we were bound in. The whole thing seemed so unreal. To speak, even a few words, would bring things back to reality and into perspective somehow.

When we reached his room, Ted stripped in about two seconds. I followed his example and scrambled out of my clothes. We were both pleased to see we each still had a hard-on and were ready for action.

Ted attacked me like an animal in heat! I'm not kidding! He leaped on me and knocked me down on the bed, and started RIMMING MY ASSHOLE! I couldn't believe it! Wild! He actually spread my cheeks and slipped his tongue right up my hole. Little did I realize it was in preparation for bigger and better things!

In a few minutes, he scrambled up and straddled me, and pressed the fat cockhead right against my asshole. He nuzzled it in and kept pushing at it until my hole opened right up and let it slide in. The pain, at first, drove me insane. But he kept me pinned down and kept shoving his cock in all the way to the hilt.

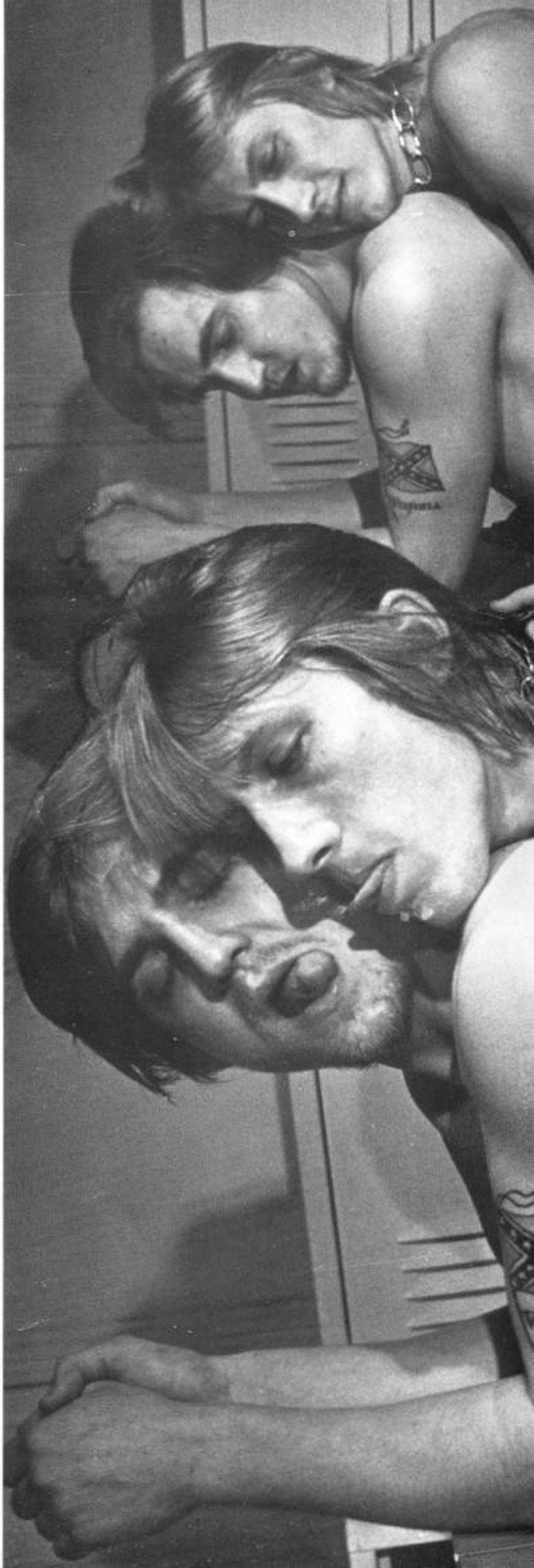
I'm not sure at what point the pleasure overtook the pain, but in a few minutes, I could feel a sensation in my bowels like I've never felt before.

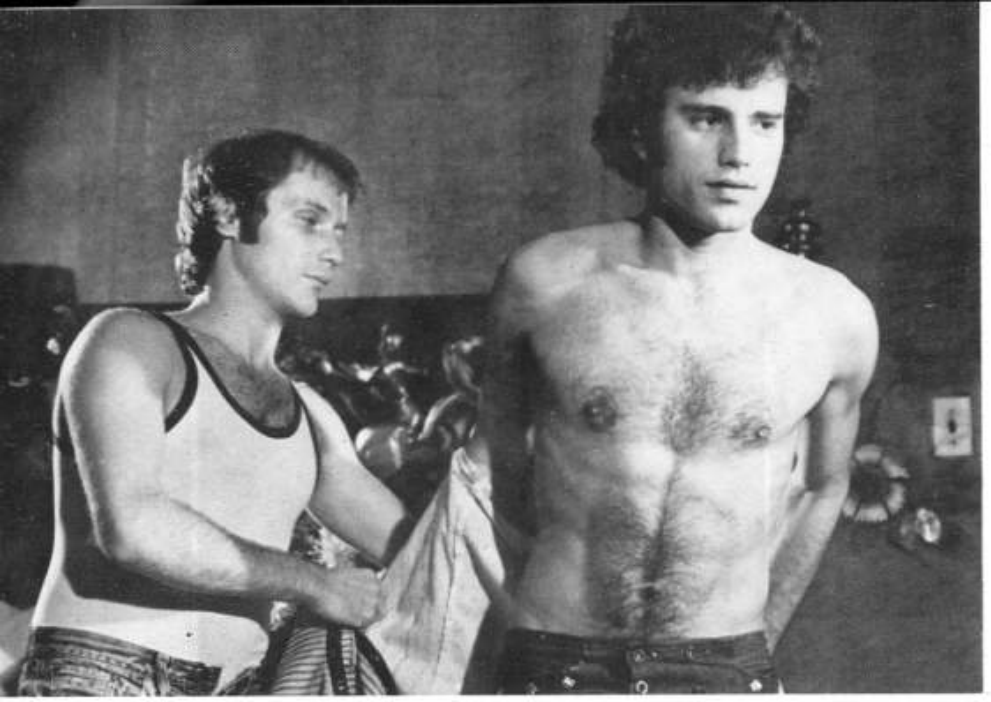
"Fuck that ass, baby," I gasped. "Fuck it hard. Give me a good fuck!"

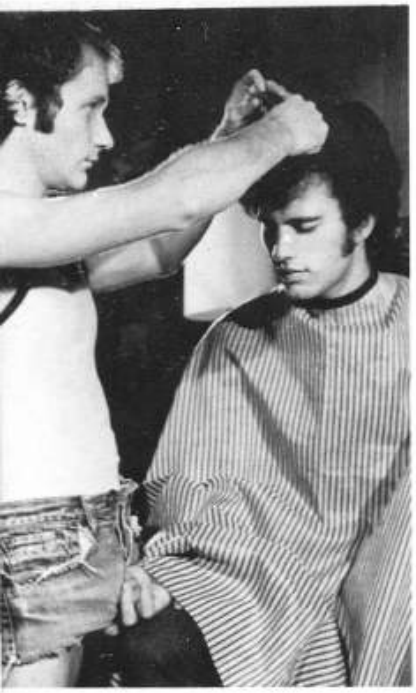
Ted slammed it in me til his balls exploded deep in my ass. I could feel hot bolts of cum shoot inside me before he yanked it out and shot the last few drops across my buttocks and back.

When he was through, turn about was fair play. Using the same technique as he, I rolled him over and plunged my cock up his ass just like it was a nice juicy slit! His writhing and muscular spasms served only to heighten my passion as I pounded my eager lust into him in hard even strokes.

We spent the whole night together that first night, and I suppose I've been back a dozen times since. He introduced me into a whole new world of sex that night, and made me aware of the capacities for enjoyment within myself. My only regret is that I didn't start sooner. When I think about all those opportunities back in high school . . . !





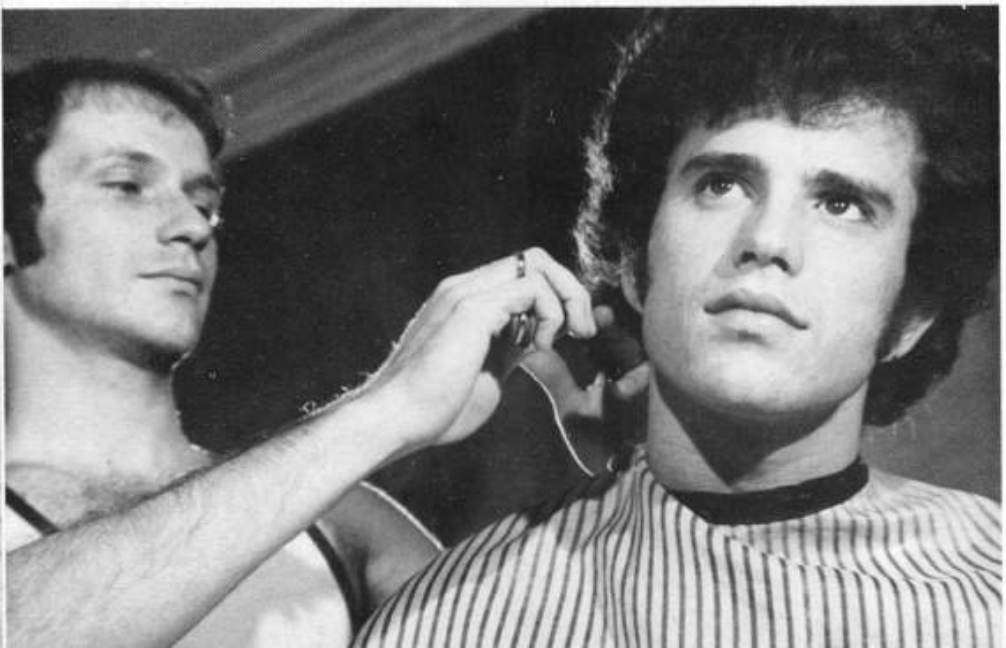


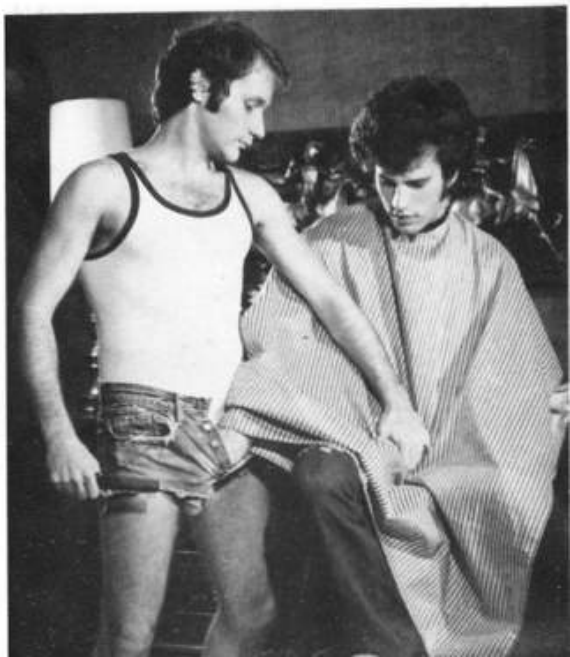
CAMPUS CLIP-SHOP

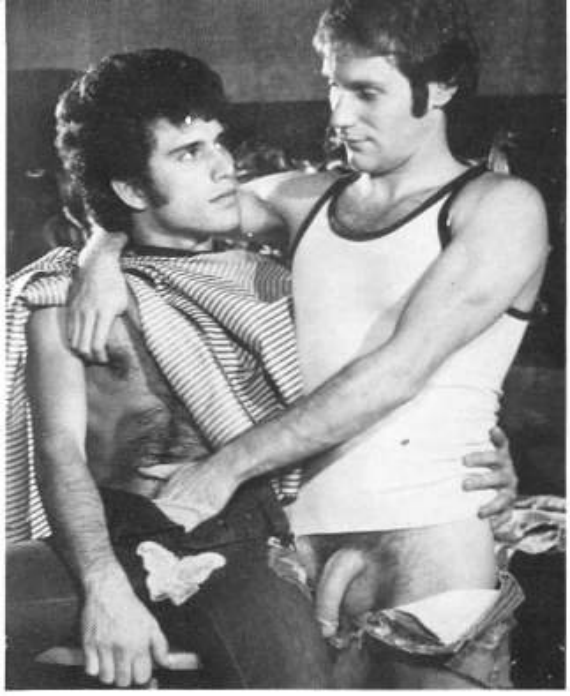
When I was in college, everyone I knew had to really cut some corners to make ends meet. Tuitions kept going up every damned semester, and class schedules didn't permit steady jobs of any sort. A good buddy in my film

class had come up with a clever way to work his way through school. His folks had sent him to a barber school right after high school so he could make some money during college.

Instead of getting a job in one of the local barber shops, this dude set up his own little business right in his apartment. Before long, word got around campus that you could get a great hair cut for half the price a







barber shop would charge. Jerry's little business began to thrive after a while, to the point of requireing appointments to get in to see him.

Along about mid-semester, things started getting really tough for me. I had to tighten up on expenses every way possible, which occasioned me to call upon Jerry. I'd been letting my hair grow all semester and hadn't needed to go to him. But when Christmas vacation required a visit to the family, I decided I'd better present a good appearance for dear old Dad.

The main reason Jerry and I were friendly was because we'd been thrown together on a film project that constituted fifty-percent of our class work and final grades. He was kind of a strange fellow, but we got along well, for the most part, and even expanded our relationship to a social level. I'd always felt something strange between us, and never could figure it out until that day I went over for a hair cut. It was easy then to comprehend all the little inuendos that had passed between us.

Upon entering the apartment, I was immediately divested of my shirt and covered with a barber cloth—but not before Jerry had thoroughly looked me over. I sort of got a kick out of the way he looked at me. I'd wondered all along if perhaps that's what he was interested in, and then it all seemed pretty obvious.

As for myself, I very rarely initiate anything. But when something comes

along, I'll experiment with anything. If Jerry wanted to strap it on with me, I knew I wouldn't resist one bit. I just sort of relaxed and let him do his stuff. Maybe it was unfair of me, but I guess I prompted the situation a little by talking about sex.

As he started to trim my hair, I talked freely about my date the night before and how it wound up into a four-way orgy with the couple who went out with us. I told him about how my chick had sucked me off and let me screw her. And somewhere along the line, I dropped a hint about how big my prick is.

Jerry seemed calm and easy as I sat there rambling on and on. But when he stepped around to my side, I noticed my stories were having an effect on him. He was wearing a pair

of real short levi cut-offs that revealed a huge bulge in the front. The more I talked, the bigger the bulge became! Then finally, having reached its capacity and needing more room for expansion, his cock started poking down the leg of his shorts and pushing the head out. I watched as about an inch of cock creeped out from beneath the confining material. Then another inch, and another, until his whole cock was practically hanging out.

It looked ridiculous with him standing there whith his stiff prick sticking out of his shorts, but it started getting me hot and horny! He kept right on cutting away as though nothing were happening. But something definitely was! His prick kept getting fatter and thicker and longer, and swelling out toward me. A clear drop of jism seeped out the hole and dripped right down onto my arm!

I was getting hot and hard, and couldn't stand it much longer without saying something. "Maybe I oughtta quit talking about this," I said. "I don't wanna get you all hot and bothered."

"Shit, man . . . you already have," he replied.

"Yeah, I can see that." I reached right out and took his cock in my fist.

"Hey! What the fuck!" Jerry said.

"Looks like that thing needs a little attention."

Jerry just stood there a moment, his mouth hanging open, hands hanging limply at his sides. I held on to his cock, not knowing what reaction he'd give. For a moment, I was startled by his lack of enthusiasm. But I guess it was just the shock of it all that temporarily immobilized him. His cock throbbed and jerked in my hand, and I knew he wasn't totally disinterested.

"That's a really nice chunk of meat you've got there," I said, breaking the silence. "Bet the chicks really go for this."

"Yeah . . . sure," he stuttered.

"You oughtta feel mine," I prompted. "It's hard as yours."

He reached for my crotch and felt the huge lump through the barber cloth. I could feel his fingers grip around the thick shaft and squeeze gently.

"Man, I'm hornier 'n shit," he said.

"Want me to jack you off?" I asked.

He nodded and stood erect, yielding himself to me. I yanked open the fly of his shorts and let them fall to the floor. His gigantic cock sprang up into my hand as though eager for my personalized attention.

"You gotta jack me off to," I said. If I didn't really believe he wanted to, I'd have never pushed things that far. But I could tell he was eager to get his hands on my joint. I pulled the barber cloth off and popped open the buttons of my fly.

My hard prick sprang out and stood straight up from my crotch. My own stories, plus handling Jerry's hot throbbing meat, had really worked me into a heat. Cum was already seeping out the head.

"Ya gotta pull the skin back," I said to him. "Like this." I demonstrated the way he should roll the loose foreskin off the head and back again before letting him take it.

Slowly, but eagerly, Jerry reached down and took it in his fist. His hand trembled a little, but his lust was obvious as he began stroking my slippery cockhead up and down.

Exquisite thrills of pleasure tingled through my body as he pumped my meat up and down in quick little jerks.

"I wouldn't mind suckin' on that thing," he said, somewhat shyly.

"Yeah, I figured you would," I replied. "I was wondering how long it'd take for you to ask."

"Want me to?" he asked.

"Sure, man! Get down here and suck me!"

He bent down and leaned his head into my lap. My cock seemed to melt in his mouth as he closed his lips around it and began sucking it into his throat.

"That's it," I said. "Use your tongue on it. Work it around! Yeah . . . make me cum, buddy. Make that big dick shoot!"

In a moment, he pulled his mouth away. "Lets move over to the sofa," he said. He took off his shirt and sat down on the sofa while I stripped off my pants and socks. When I went back to him, he grabbed me by the waist and plunghed his mouth back down on my prick. He moved himself around so

that his cock was near my face.

Just as he was doing, I began chewing on his hard fat dick and sucking it into my throat. I don't know how long we kept that up. I almost shot twice, but both times he cut it off and made me hold it.

"I want it up my ass first," he said. "Shoot it in my ass."

"Want me to fuck you?"

"Yeah . . . fuck my ass."

I wiggled my finger up into his hot gripping asshole, sampling the hot wetness he was offering. "I might not be able to get it in," I said.

"It'll go in," Jerry replied. "Come in to the bedroom."

I followed him in and sprawled out across the bed as he greased my dick up with a handful of vaseline. Again I almost popped, but desperately held back for the tender ass fucking he prepared me for.

He laid down on his side and nuzzled his ass up against me. "Put it in," he said, "but go easy at first."

I laid the head of my cock against his puckered asshole and began pressing forward until finally it yielded and swallowed me in. About two inches slid in before he made me back off for a minute.

"Ok, try it again," he said. "Get it all the way in this time." He held his buttocks apart for me as I plowed my way deep into his bowels.

"Oh, yeah . . . all the way, he said. "Give me all you've got."

Once it was in, I started pumping that dick to him in hard even strokes. Our bodies bumped and grinded against each other as I filled his hole with my raging hot cock. "Fuck me hard," he begged. "Fuck that ass, baby! Give me a good hard fuck! FUCK ME! YEAH . . . FUCK THAT ASS!"

It didn't take much of that to make me pop. Before I knew it, my balls exploded in a flood of hot cum that gushed up into his bowels. I yanked it out and squirted a few thick creamy bolts across his ass and back, emptying my nuts all over him.

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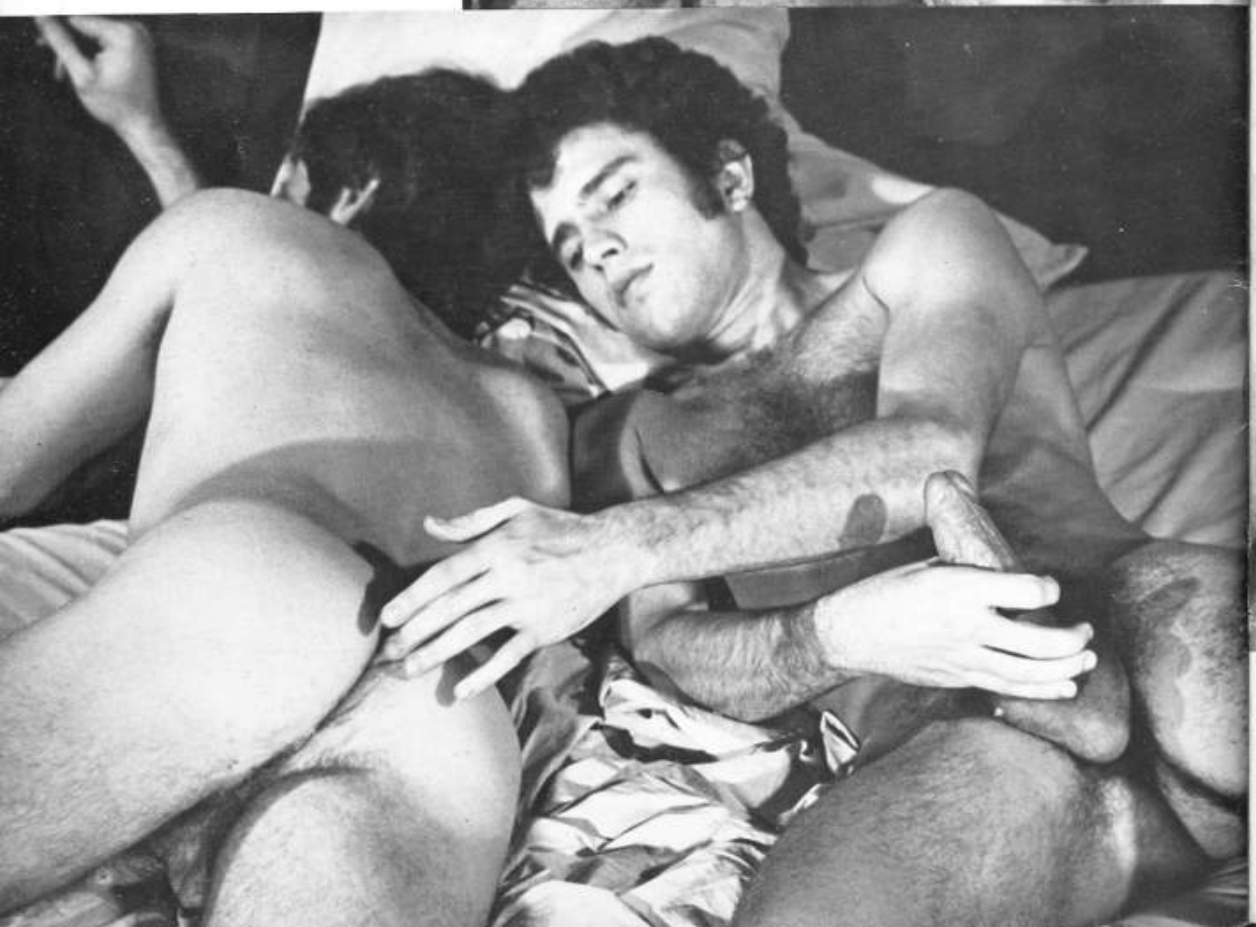
But Jerry wasn't finished, not by a long shot. He scrambled around behind me, and before I knew it, I had seven inches of hot pounding cock shoved up my ass. The pain was almost unbearable at first, but as he whammed it deep inside me in hard-driving thrusts, my cock stiffened up again and sent thrills of pleasure into my asshole.

"I'm cumming," Jerry sobbed after only a few moments. "I'M CUMMING! GOD, I'M SHOOTIN' MY LOAD UP YOUR ASS!" I yanked hard on my own prick, causing a second and equally massive eruption of cum from my hot churning nuts.

I'm not sure if Jerry services all his clients like he did me that afternoon. But I hear his business has picked up into quite a little operation. If you ever need a hair cut, just ask around on campus. Everybody knows him. And I can tell you this for sure, he does a damned good job!



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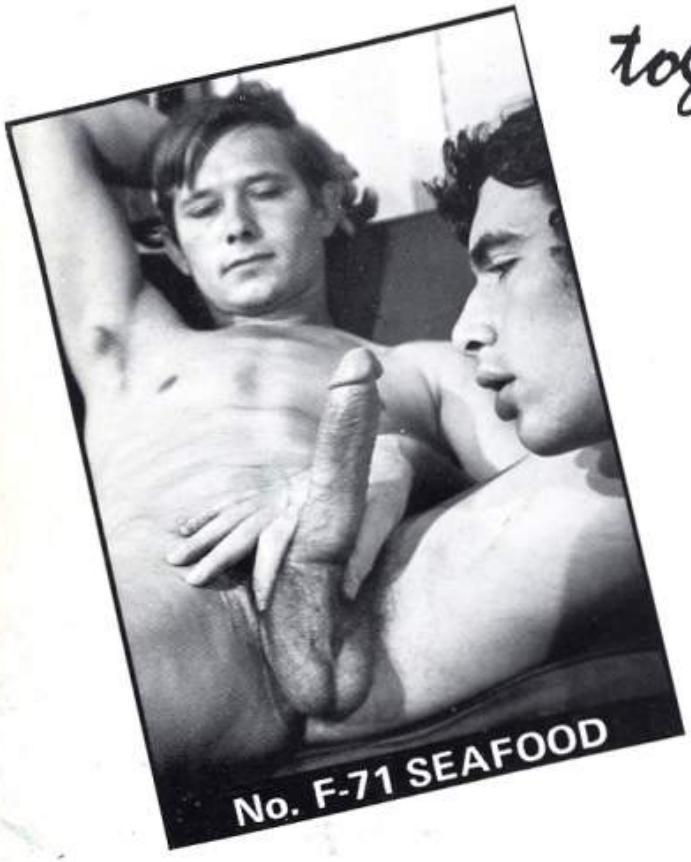

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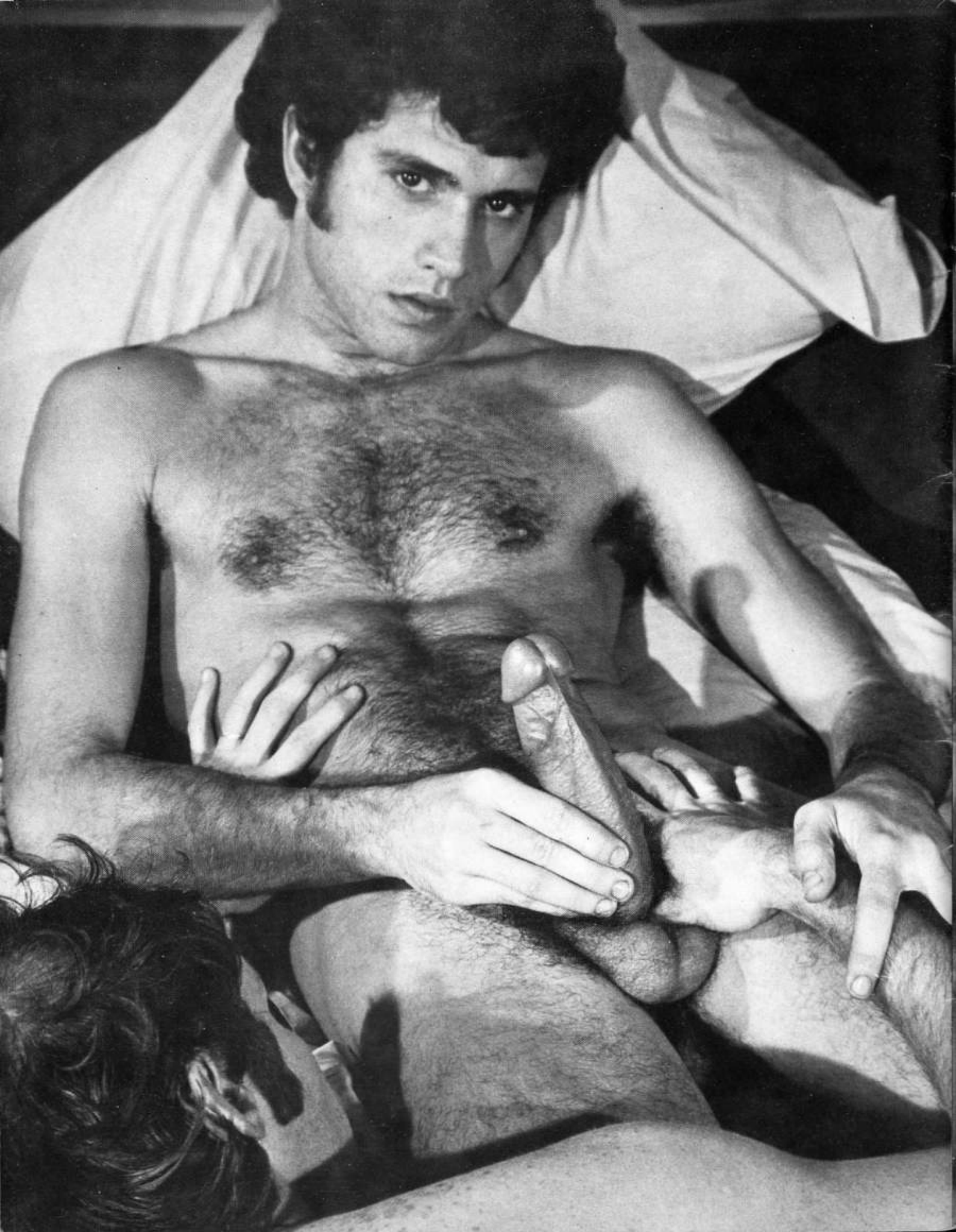

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